"IN THE FUTURE, A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, THERE WILL BE A STATE OF WAR.
KEEP RUNNING! KEEP RUNNING! THEY'RE COMING FOR US!
I CAN HEAR THEIR FLYING DISKS!
"EARTH AND ITS COLONIES WILL HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF EXTINCTION BY THE ALIEN BADOON.
DOWN THERE! MORE MANLING SURVIVORS.
SHALL I CALL DOWN AN ORBITAL BOMBARDMENT TO LEVEL THIS ZONE?
NO NEED. THE FINAL CULL HAS BEEN INITIATED...
...THE ZOM BRIGADES WILL STERILIZE ANY REMAINING MANLING ACTIVITY.
"ONLY ONE BAND OF FREEDOM FIGHTERS WILL DARE TO OPPOSE THEM...

"...AND WE WILL CALL OURSELVES THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.
"SOME OF US WILL BE HUMAN HYBRIDS. A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, HUMANITY WILL HAVE RESHAPED ITSELF IN ASTONISHING WAYS.
"CHARLIE-27, FOR EXAMPLE, WILL HAVE THE ENHANCED BONE AND MUSCLE MASS OF A MAN BIOENGINEERED TO WITHSTAND THE PUNISHING GRAVITY OF JUPITER.
LET'S GO, GUARDIANS! EARTH SHALL OVERCOME!
NO FUTURE
DAN ABNETT and ANDY LANNING WRITERS
PAUL PELLETIER PENCILER
RICK MAGYAR INKER
WIL QUINTANA COLORIST
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER
CLINT LANGLEY COVER ARTIST
LAUREN WEARY ASST. EDITOR
BILL ROSEMANN EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

"MARTINEX WILL BE A SILICON BEING, HIS BIOLOGY ALTERED TO ENDURE PLUTO'S EXTREMES OF TEMPERATURE.
"HIS CRYSTALINE STRUCTURE WILL EFFORTLESSLY CHANNEL THERMAL RADIATION.
YOUR RALLYING CRY IS HEARD AND ANSWERED.
"VANCE ASTRO, A SURVIVOR OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, WILL BE A MAN OUT OF HIS OWN TIME. VANCE COULD PERISH OF OLD AGE WITHOUT THE HERMETICALLY SEALED PROTECTION OF HIS BODY SUIT.
"YET HIS PHYSICAL INFIRMITY WILL BE MORE THAN COMPENSATED BY HIS FORMIDABLE PSYCHOKINETIC POWERS.
YEAH, WHAT FACET-FACE SAID, CHUCK!
WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!
"YONDU FROM CENTAURI WILL APPEAR TO BE A BOWHUNTER FROM A SIMPLER, MORE PRIMITIVE ERA.
"BUT THE SONIC-RESONANT METAL OF HIS ARROWS WILL MAKE HIM AN ELITE WARRIOR.

"SIDE BY SIDE, A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, WE WILL FIGHT TO SAVE MANKIND.
"AND WE WILL *FAIL*.
"IT WILL NOT BE THE BADOON THAT DEFEATS US.
"NOR WILL IT BE THEIR MINDLESS *ZOM THRALLS*, MEAT ROBOTS BUILT FROM THE CADAVERS OF THEIR ENEMIES.
"WE WILL SIMPLY RUN OUT OF *TIME*.
STARHAWK? WHAT'S HAPPENING?
FTSSSHHH
NOT AGAIN.
PLEASE, NOT *AGAIN*.
STARHAWK! DO SOMETHING BEFORE--
AHKKKK--
"AS A CONSEQUENCE, TIME HAS *UNRAVELED*, AND OBLITERATED *EVERYTHING* THAT WILL BE.
"THE FUTURE TENSE IS *DOOMED*. AN *ERROR* HAS OCCURRED IN THE COADUNATE PATTERN OF TIME.

SECURITY DETENTION, KNOWHERE...
I HAVE SEEN THIS. I AM ONE WHO KNOWS.
SO YOU HAVE BEEN COMINK HERE, TO THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND EIGHT A.D... TO CORRECT THIS ERROR?
THE ERROR IS HERE, IN THE PAST IMPERFECT. THE ERROR IS OCCURRING RIGHT NOW IN THIS TIME AND PLACE.
BEFORE, COMRADE STARHAWK, WHEN YOU CAME TO GUARDIANS' HEADQUARTERS, COSMO NOTICE YOU WERE MALE PERSON.
THE FUTURE TENSE IS IN FLUX.
EACH TIME I TRAVEL BACK TO THIS ERA TO ATTEMPT ANOTHER CORRECTION, I RETURN TO FIND THAT REALITY HAS SHIFTED.
I AM A MAN, THEN A WOMAN, YOUNG, THEN OLD...
HELP ME. THE ERROR MUST BE CORRECTED. I AM ONE WHO KNOWS.
KNOW WHAT I KNOW! LOOK INTO MY MIND AND READ THE TRUTH!
OKAY, COSMO GIVE IT TRY...
BOZHE MOI! THERE IS... THERE IS NOTHINK THERE!
THEN PERHAPS IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE.
PLEASE, UNDO THESE CHAINS. LET ME SPEAK TO THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.
WHERE ARE THEY?
THEY...

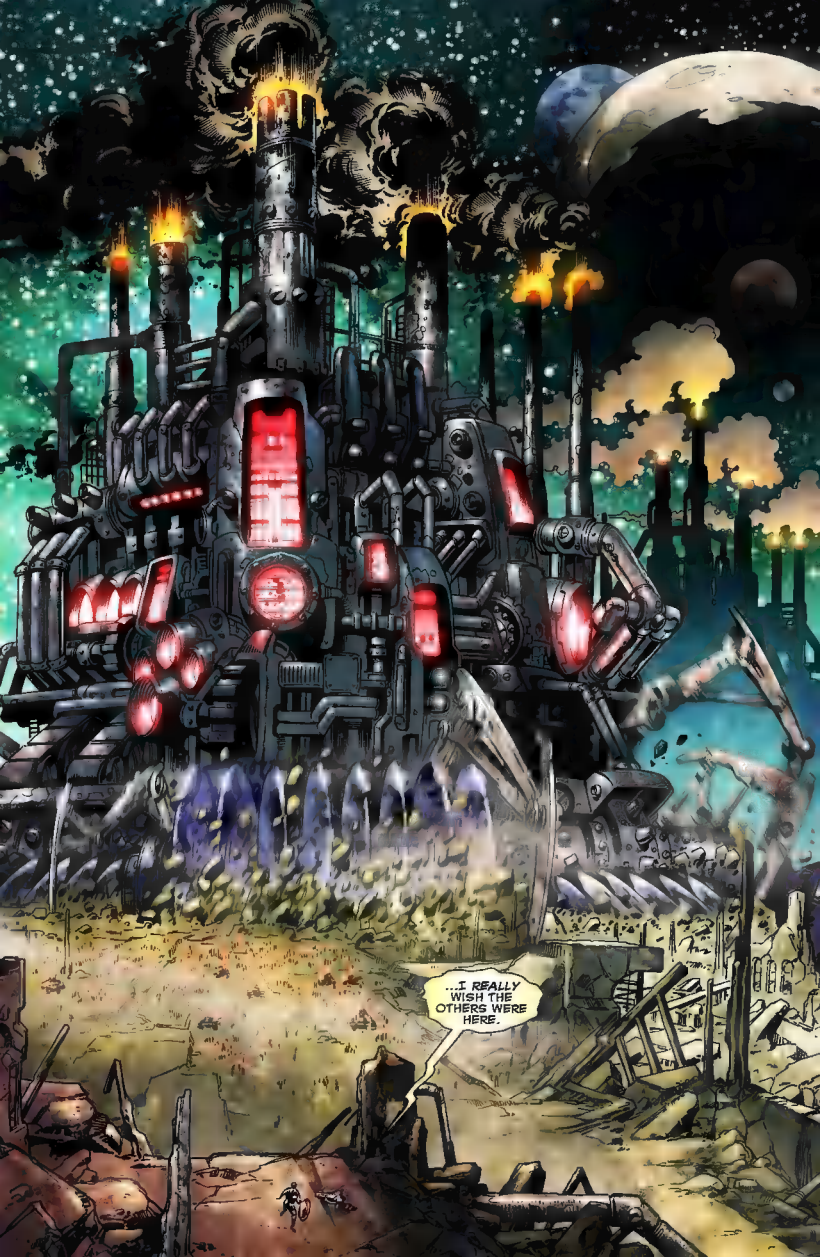
"...THEY ARE VERY BUSY ON IMPORTANT MISSION."
"SO, BENTHUS COLONY IS A SPARTOI DEPENDENCY IN THE CALLISTO SECTOR.
"MANTIS WAS WOKEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT BY... WELL, A SCREAM, REALLY. A PSYCHIC SCREAM OF PAIN AND HORROR.
"THAT'S THE KIND OF SCROD THAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE A MENTAT. ANYWAY, BENTHUS WAS IN TROUBLE, AND I HAD A CHOICE TO MAKE...
"DO I SIT AROUND FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF BECAUSE THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY JUST SPLIT UP IN THE MOST ACRIMONIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES?
"OR DO I TRY AND THROW A NEW TEAM TOGETHER AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
"CHINT--THIS IS US ON BENTHUS COLONY DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT.)"
I AM GROOT!
CAN'T HELP YOU, I'M AFRAID.
GANG? GANG?
BEFORE WE GET TOTALLY IMPRESSED BY OUR OWN HEROISM, ANYBODY GOT A CLUE WHAT THESE THINGS ARE?
APART FROM "TIK!" REVOLTING, YOU MEAN?

YEAH, YEAH...WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BIG BUDDY.
I WAS HOPING FOR A POSITIVE MAKE ON THESE FREAKAZOIDS.
THEY ARE DEAD FLESH, ROCKET RACCOON.
THEIR MINDS ARE EXTINCT, EXCEPT THE DEEP ROOTS... OH, THE HORROR!
THEY ARE THE WASTE MEAT OF THE SLAIN REENGINEERED INTO IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.
ROCKET, THE ATAVISTIC BRAINSTEMS...THE OLDEST AND MOST PRIMITIVE PARTS OF THEIR CEREBRAL ANATOMY...
...THEY ARE BEING AGITATED BY REPTILIAN THOUGHT-COMMANDS!
KR-CHKK
OOO-KAY.
THAT'S THAT CLEARED UP, THEN.
DEBRIEF LOG: ROCKET RACCOON (EVOLVED MAMMAL, TACTICAL AND DEMOLITIONS EXPERTISE)
RIGHT FROM THE GET-GO, DESPITE MY TEASING, I THOUGHT THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY WAS A GOOD IDEA.
A FINE IDEA.
LET'S BE HONEST HERE, THE GALAXY CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO LOOK AFTER ITSELF.
THEN PETE GOES AND SCREWS IT ALL UP.
IT COMES OUT THAT HE GOT MANTIS TO BRAINWASH US ALL INTO THE JOINING.
OH, THERE ARE MITIGATING REASONS, BUT STILL...
HOW DID HE THINK WE'D TAKE THAT BOMBSHELL?
DRAX QUIT ON THE SPOT. QUASAR LEFT WITH HIM. I DUNNO WHERE THEY WENT.
THEN ADAM WARLOCK WALKED, AND GAMORA TOO. AND PETE WAS SO ANGRY WITH HIMSELF, HE STORMED OFF AS WELL.
AND YOURS TRULY WAS LEFT TO PICK UP THE PIECES.

"SO, FOR THE DURATION, OUR MARTIAL ARTISTE SLASH MENTAT *MANTIS* GETS A PROMOTION TO ACTIVE STATUS.
GROOT! ATTENTION! TO YOUR *LEFT!*
I AM GROOT!
"*GROOT'S* GROWN BACK ENOUGH BIOMASS TO HANDLE SOME HEAVY LIFTING.
"AND BUG...WELL, I GAVE THE OL' LOVERBUG A CALL AND HE SAID HE'D HELP US OUT.
HEY, THIS IS--♪TIK!♪--*JUST* LIKE OLD TIMES.
MAN, OLD TIMES *SUCKED.*
DEBRIEF LOG: BUG
(KALIKLAK ENTOMOLOGICAL BIOFORM, WARRIOR-ACROBAT)
SURE, I SAID, *FINE*, I SAID. *NOW* YOU--♪TIK!♪--WANT ME, I SAID.
SO I WASN'T *GOOD* ENOUGH TO MAKE THE FIRST CUT, HUH?

"COURSE, I'M CHANCING MY PAW WITH MAJOR VICTORY.
"WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS YET. D'AST, HE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS.
"BUT HE'S HANDY IN A SCRUM, AND RIGHT NOW WE NEED ALL THE PECS APPEAL WE CAN GET."
MR. RACCOON!
JUST ROCKET'LL DO. WHAT'S UP, MAJOR?
ZOMS.
SAY AGAIN?
ZOMS. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT WORD COMES FROM. IT'S JUST SUDDENLY IN MY HEAD.
THESE ARE ZOMS. THESE ARE ZOM SLAVE TROOPS.
THAT MEANS THE BADOON ARE HERE...
BADOON? THEY'RE LIKE LIZARD DUDES, RIGHT?
COME OFF IT, MAJE...BADOONS ARE A MINOR RACE. THEY'RE NOT CAPABLE OF... THIS.
I'VE NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF BADOON YOU HAVE HERE.
WHERE I COME FROM, THEY CONQUERED THE GALAXY AND EXTERMINATED THE HUMAN RACE.
WHEN YOU SAY "CONQUERED THE GALAXY" WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU MEAN?
HEY! WAIT UP!
THEY'LL BE CLOSE BY SOMEWHERE! THEY'LL BE CLOAKED!

OI! LITTLE--TIKI--HELP!
WE GOT FRANKENSTEIN TANKS NOW!
BE CALM, BUG. GROOT IS C--
I AM GROOT! I AM HELP!
SEE GROOT HELP!
CAN YOU SMELL THAT? THAT SWEET STENCH, LIKE OILED LEATHER?
THAT'S BADOON. I TOLD YOU THIS WAS THEIR WORK.
I TOLD YOU THEY WERE HERE.
YEAH, BUT WH--
OH MAN...


...I REALLY WISH THE OTHERS WERE HERE.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY...
YOU REALLY DIDN'T HAVE TO COME WITH ME, YOU KNOW.
I KNOW.
THUK
I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO.
IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS GOING TO STAY WITH QUILL AND HIS LOSERS.
KHUD
AND YOU SAID YOU HAD STUFF TO DO. I THOUGHT I COULD HELP.
WHHKK
AND I APPRECIATE IT.
I SEE YOU'RE FIT, GAMORA. ALMOST HEALED.
'CEPT THE HAIR.
SO COME ON, ADAM WARLOCK. WHAT ARE WE DOING?
APART FROM HAVING FUN AND WORKING UP A SWEAT?
THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH OF TRUTH.
I HAVE DECIDED I NEED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

ORIGINALLY, I BELIEVED THAT THE CHURCH HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY ENTANGLED IN THE FISSURE CRISIS I SEEK TO PREVENT.
BUT THE SPECULATIONS OF MY META-TALENTS--
YOU MEAN YOUR MAGIC?

MY NEW GIFTS, YES. THEY HAVE HINTED AT DARKER TRUTHS AND FATAL PURPOSES.
THE CHURCH MAY BE MORE DEEPLY INVOLVED IN THE FISSURE CRISIS THAN I FIRST SUSPECTED.
SO I INTEND TO DISCOVER WHAT THEIR "TRUTH" REALLY IS.
OKAY. BUT THERE ARE BILLIONS OF THEM AND ONLY TWO OF US. YOU KEEP GOING AT THEM, THEY WILL KILL YOU.

WHAT I'M SAYING, ADAM, IS YOU CAN'T FIGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH ALL OF THEM.
I DON'T PLAN TO...
...I PLAN ON LEADING THEM.

ON THE OTHER OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY...
I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW! I SWEAR! DON'T HURT ME!
I DON'T KNOW ANY CAMMI, AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS!
PLEASE!
HE REALLY DOESN'T KNOW, DRAX.
DRAX, YOU CAN SMELL HE ISN'T.
HE COULD BE BLUFFING.
LOOK, I SAID I'D HELP YOU FIND CAMMI, IF THAT'S GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME PEACE OF MIND.
BUT I'M NOT GOING TO HELP YOU TERRORIZE PEOPLE.
I'M QUASAR. I'M THE PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. I'M NOT A DEMANDER-WITH-MENACES.
SOME PLANET OF SOOTHSAYERS THIS TURNED OUT TO BE.
WELL, I COULD HAVE PREDICTED IT WASN'T GOING TO BE MUCH MORE THAN A TOURIST TRAP, AND I DON'T CLAIM TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE FUTURE.
THAT MUST BE THE TENTH JOINT YOU'VE WRECKED THIS MORNING.
HNN. USELESS PLACE.
IS IT ABOUT THE WAR?

WHAT?
THE WAR? IS IT ABOUT THE WAR BETWEEN THE KINGS? THE ERROR? THE DOOM OF THE FUTURE TENSE?
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT?
NO.
OH, MY MISTAKE.
WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE GIRL.
THE GIRL? OH, YES. RIGHT. OF COURSE. I CAN SEE THAT NOW. THE GIRL.
WELL... SHE'S LOST. IT WILL BE HARD TO FIND HER. A PAINFUL QUEST.
BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.
WAIT, YOU'RE SAYING YOU CAN TELL US WHERE CAMMI IS?
CAMMI? WHO'S CAMMI?
I'M TALKING ABOUT A GIRL CALLED HEATHER.

BENTHUS COLONY...
HOSTILE ORGANISMS HAVE BEEN DETECTED. THEY ARE ASSAULTING THE WAR FACTORIES.
SHOULD WE SUSPEND TESTING?
THE HINDBRAIN RESPONSES OF THE ZOM UNITS HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXHAUSTIVELY TESTED. WE WILL CONTINUE.
HAVE THE ORGANISMS BEEN IDENTIFIED?
THEY HAVE PROCLAIMED THEMSELVES TO BE THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.
THEN I PITY THE GALAXY.
RELEASE A MONSTER TO CULL THEM.
ZZ-ZZZMM
WHO-WHOA-WHOA!
WE GOT A -TIK!- BIG PROBLEM COMING OUR WAY!
A MONSTER.
HUH? OH, GIVE ME A BREAK.

A *MONSTER*. THAT'S WHAT THE BADOON CALL THEM.
A SUPER-HEAVYWEIGHT BATTLEFIELD *BIO-CONSTRUCT*.
I *REALLY* WISH THE OTHERS WERE HERE.
ESPECIALLY *PETER*. HE'D KNOW WHAT TO DO...

G@#$! BLASTAAR?!
KING BLASTAAR, IF YOU PLEASE.
WELCOME TO THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
NEXT: DEAD ON ARRIVAL!